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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation appearing in the columns of The Herald will be gladly and promptly corrected upon the same being called to the attention of the publishers.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1917.

LICENSES FOR RELIEF ENTERPRISES

As a result of the exposure by the New York World of the fraud perpetrated by the persons conducting the Army and Navy League bazaar held in New York recently, which netted the league a little over $700, although the receipts amounted to nearly $80,000, there is a clamor in New York for a law that persons or societies conducting such relief enterprises be required to obtain a license before they can operate them. The idea is a sane one. The wonder is that there has not been some organized effort long ago to regulate the operation of enterprises seeking public aid in the name of charity. The Herald has previously urged that cities should require solicitors for subscriptions for alleged benevolent projects be required to obtain a license. The ease with which the generous people of New York City were cheated out of over $70,000, while the good name of one of the most worthy institutions in the entire country was used for this nefarious purpose, proves that charity itself should be protected by stringent laws. To exploit charity for the purpose of robbing the public is a contemptible crime in itself. The harm such a crime causes by discouraging those who are kindhearted and inclined to give to charity is far greater than the mere loss of the amount thus stolen. For people once cheated in this manner naturally will become wary of such projects in future, and possibly really meritorious objects dependent upon charity for support will suffer grievously thereby.

According to apparently well authenticated correspondence from Petrograd, published in the London Morning Post, the men who have taken the leading part in directing the Bolsheviki revolution are not really Russians, but are Germans disguised under Russian names. Lenine, we are told, is in reality named Zederblum. Trotzky's real name is Bronstein. Zimovieff and Kammieff, serving as assistants to Lenine, are Apfelbaum and Rosenfeld. Tchernoff, who was Kerensky's chief enemy, is Feldmann. And so on, the London Morning Post's Petrograd correspondent has revealed the real personnel of the mainstays of the Bolsheviki rule in the Russian capital to be chiefly of German origin. That a whole nation could be tricked by such treachery is almost incredible. Truly the masses of the Russian people must be infants in intelligence. And yet, when we realize how for a whole decade the emperor himself and large numbers of the highest classes of Russia were controlled by the trickery of the "Black Monk," Gregory Rasputin, it is hardly surprising to learn how deficient in intelligence the people in general seem to be.

Tomorrow will be Charity Home Tag Day. Be sure that you buy a tag and wear it, so that your neighbors, seeing the tag, may go and do likewise.

Russia is synonymous with Chaos at present.

The American Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. are saving American prisoners in Germany from starvation, by sending them food. Under the international agreement adopted at the second Hague peace conference, it is permitted that these institutions may send food to Americans held prisoners in an enemy country. The starvation of her prisoners of war is one of the most serious charges brought against Germany, in all the long list of her violations of the laws of both God and man.

A Smile or Two

His View of Golf.

It was the office of a great sporting newspaper and the golf editor was taking a brief holiday. In his absence the inquiries from readers which the golfing man answered through his correspondence column was handed to the racing editor.

"Which is the better course," asked an ardent follower of the royal and ancient game, "to fuzzle one's putt or to fetter on the tee?"

The turfman tilted back his chair and smoked five cigarettes before taking his pen in hand. Then, when he had come to a decision on the weighty problem, he wrote as follows:

"Should a player snaggle his iron, it is permissible for him to fuzzle his putt; but a better plan would be to drop his gappy into the pringle and snoddle it out with a niblick."—Exchange.

Must Have Been.

"I just know," simpered a young matron to a friend as she gazed out upon the ballroom floor, "I just know that horrid Jones woman is in love with my husband. I know and think she is the limit."

"Nonsense, Mary," replied the friend. "You are imagining things. Why your husband has hardly spoken to her this evening, excepting as the conventionalities demanded. You're dreaming. Wake up."

"No, I'm not. I know what I'm talking about. She's simply head over heels in love with him."

"How do you know that?"

"Well, she has danced with my husband twice, and no woman can do that without being dead in love with him and willing to overlook a great deal. I can't dance with him more than once myself."—Exchange.

Important Child.

New Teacher—Who can tell me a thing of importance that did not exist a hundred years ago?

Little Boy—Me.—Widow.

Ideal.

Ella—Did he marry a girl like a magazine cover?

Bella—Yes, and then expected her to work like a cook book.—Tit-Bits.

Its Use.

"Georgie, Georgie, you musn't act so when you are eating," said mamma at the breakfast table one day last week. "If you do you will surely get something in your windpipe."

"Windpipe? H'm. What's my windpipe?"

"Don't you know what your windpipe is?" broke in the six year old brother. "Why, that's where your smoke comes from on cold days?"

War In History

Friday, November 30, 1914.

German Frederick Karl sung by mine in the Baltic.

Friday, November 30, 1915.

Bulgaria declared its campaign against Serbia victoriously closed.

Friday, November 30, 1916.

German, Bulgarian and Turkish forces approached within 16 miles of Bucharest.

AN EVENT WORTH CELEBRATING.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

When last week's report on submarine losses was made public it was clear that something had happened to the German campaign of sea terrorism. Lloyd-George yesterday told the house of commons and the world what has happened and is happening to the U-boats. They are being destroyed. Five accounted for Saturday, taken in connection with the dwindling tonnage losses recorded from week to week during the past few months, fully justifies the premier's "But, now, of the submarines I have no fear."

Here is something worth celebrating. The kaiser orders flags out and school holidays on the strength of lesser victories. If we fail to do so, it is because we are more cautious, and incidentally because it is not necessary to keep up the spirit of confidence in ultimate victory. But five in a day is something that can not be passed over with affected indifference. It is a George Creel story come true. It is better than that. It is a glimpse of victory, a flash of light out of a dark period.

To know that the loss of life through the vicious unseen enemy is being prevented by greater efforts on the part of the allied navies is gratifying. It lifts a load from the human conscience and restores the spirit that falters only in the face of dangers that can not be successfully met by courage and fortitude. But it is much more to know that the comparative immunity from attack is due to the destruction of these "pests of the sea."

No wonder there is a heavy silce in those quarters where the submarine has been the inspiration of pessimists and doubters and ready-to-quitters. No wonder people are forgetting how to spell that disagreeable word Reventlow. No wonder that old man of the sea, Von Tirpitz, has crawled up on high ground and is calling for the permanent enslavement of Belgium as compensation for a war that could not be won by frightfulness at sea. The only census of snakes that is at all reliable is a count of the dead ones. To stop the hunting of sea vipers until the breed is destroyed would be a mistake, but the contemplation of five rusty hulls and five slimy torpedo shooters, accounted for in one day, is very satisfying, indeed.

HE WAS THE MAN

By William Tillinghast Eldridge.

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Morgan sat gazing moodily into the sluggish waters of the Rio de la Madeira, a worried, brooding light in his gray eyes. About him the tropical undergrowth closed in with the encircling oppressiveness of the South American jungle. To right and left the river led off into the wilderness, while at his back clustered the buildings of the lumber camp under his charge.

Silence, the silence of the woods, the silence of mystery, hung upon the place, and he felt it in every fiber of his body. It seemed to whisper of other deaths to come, of a danger that carried no forewarning.

A week before, Dewit, Morgan's assistant, had been found horribly mutilated on the edge of the camp. To date, with all the effort possible, the manager had been unable to put his hands upon the assassin. He knew one of the natives must be responsible for the outrage, but he could conceive of no way in which to fasten upon the guilty man.

The thing troubled him even as it stirred his heart to a wild longing for revenge. He had liked Dewit. His firm had sent the young fellow out to him when he had asked for an assistant, and he knew that the tall, blond-haired young giant who had gone to death so horribly had been more than a mere employe of the company; he had been a personal friend of Summerville, the president, and of young Summerville, who had come down the month before to see how the work was going.

What news for the president's son to take back to New York! Dewit done to death and he, who was actually responsible for the safety of the men, as well as getting out the hardwood, unable to see that the crime was fastened upon the guilty person.

He raised his head and shook it, slowly as a man might who was troubled in mind and heavy of heart. For the past week he had thought of Dewit in each waking moment, and dreamed of him in his sleep. The native crew were as clannish as half-breeds are; he could get nothing out of them. They stood together, man to man, and disclaimed all knowledge of the crime.

Young Summerville would be going downstream the coming day, and after the long, slow journey down the Rio de la Madeira had been accomplished he would catch the English river steamer on the Amazon, head for Para, and, in time, be back home. What a report for him to carry to his father: Dewit, who had been like a son to the older Summerville, done to death and his murderer gone scot-free.

Morgan rose slowly and surveyed the camp, his own quarters, the crew's building in a second clearing beyond, and then he turned to study once again the silent, sluggish river flowing on with its slow, measured glide. The river told no secrets. What had happened to poor Dewit must pass unatoned for. It seemed so.

Morgan turned into a path leading off to the left and walked on with bowed head until he came to a spot where the worn ground ended at the swamp. tI was virtually impossible to venture farther for the soft, oozy muck would, in a dozen steps, give under the weight of a man and suck him down to a horrible death.

At the very edge Morgan halted, and, with an attempt to shake off his brooding thoughts, studied the situation. He wanted to build a causeway across the swamp, and so reach a high ridge of heavily timbered ground.

He and Summerville had studied the question a number of times since the president's son had been in camp, and had about decided that the effort could only prove impossible of accomplishment. Perhaps it was for that very reason that he turned to it now. In its perplexities he found some opportunity to throw aside the thoughts that filled his brains.

If he couldn't lay hands on Dewit's murderer, he must forget the thing and turn to his duties, which he had sadly neglected this past week. Summerville had practically taken charge of the work for him. In the morning Summerville would be gone, and, alone, must catch his poise, and get down to the business in hand.

But what a lonely task! He would be alone with a crew of natives, the only white man for mile upon mile, buried in the heart of a forest whose vast extent few dreamed.

But the task of spanning the quagmire did not prove tempting enough. Morgan sank down upon the ground and forgot work and everything else. He was thinking only of Dewit, and he sat with sunken head, lifeless eyes and brooding brow, as he had watched the Rio de la Madeira roll by him the better part of the morning.

A sleepy bird stirred in the brush; a chattering monkey swung down and studied the silent figure. Off in the tangled undergrowth where, for the festoon upon festoon of creeping vine, the eye could hardly penetrate at all, a sound told of a gliding snake, and presently the huge ten feet of body slipped off across the swamp, traveling the treacherous quagmire as a feather floats on air.

A step sounded on the path and Morgan raised his head. The next instant Summerville, in white linens, gray with dirt, halted a few feet from him. The young fellow was tall and more mature in manner and bearing than his years. It was common talk among the company's employes that, although only in the service four years, he had proved himself already capable of taking over the full management.

And that such a event was likely to transpire was also common rumor, for the elder Summerville had broken in health with his daughter's death a year before. Father and son were now quite alone, and it was said they were not a very happy couple.

Morgan had heard all this as rumor, and it had been borne out by Summerville's actions since his arrival in camp. Although little over thirty the man had the serious look of double his years, and he was never known to smile.

Morgan rose slowly.

"I can't get the thing out of my mind, Summerville," he said, speaking like a man picking out his words. "I don't know what you are going to report when you get back."

"That Dewit is dead: what more?"

"And that I can't land the one who did it. I'd give my life for the identity of the infernal black who hacked him to death. I'd—"

"You had as well forget it," answered Summerville.

"Forget it? I've worked beside Dewit for eight months. Forget that one of those fiends did him?"

"Perhaps Dewit is as well off."

The words came very slowly in a calm, matter-of-fact voice that carried no hint of the speaker's feelings. His face, too, was set in hard lines, and what the heart felt concerning the death of Dewit was impossible for any one to say.

"What do you mean? That he's got what is coming to us all; that I'll get mine in the end? Oh! I fancy it's so," nodded Morgan, indifferently.

"I didn't mean that. I don't fancy you'll get yours. What I meant was that perhaps Dewit is better off. He may have had things on his mind that were troubling him. Death isn't such a bad thing, after all."

Morgan could only nod, for Summerville's words hinted at troubles that he felt without liberty to inquire into. He led the way back toward camp.

Late that night a canoe slid up to the bank and a native got out with a message forwarded along by steamer and carrier from Para up the Amazon, and so to the lumber camp.

Morgan tore the message open and, reading it, stuffed it into his pocket. Then he sat down, and long into the night he thought more and more of Summerville's remark. When he told him what the message contained, perhaps the young fellow would be ready to think that his words might well be applied to himself.

As early dawn touched the forest, and the night sounds died away before the rushing, rising sun, Summerville was astir and hunting for Morgan. Motioning to the manager, he led the way down the path to the left, and paused at the edge of the quadmire.

"What was the message that came last night?" questioned Summerville, evenly.

Morgan was taken by surprise. He had thought that his chief—so he considered him now—wanted to look this part of the work over before he left on his long trip back toward civilization. Then he noted for the first time that Summerville was still dressed in his old, dirty linens, and had apparently made no preparations for the journey.

"What was it?" questioned the younger man again.

"News from the States," answered Morgan, slowly.

"I see," agreed Summerville with a nod, as his eyes turned on the tangled vines beyond the morass, "news from the president. He is dead."

He didn't put it as a question, but as a fact and his voice swung very low.

"Yes," answered Morgan in a whisper, "your father is dead," and he handed over the crumpled message.

The younger man's face had not changed. He looked like one who had been told only what he knew, what he had expected for a long time, what he had believed a certainty since the arrival of the native canoe, and which he had prepared himself to see confirmed beyond question.

He stepped to the edge of the soft ground and looked off across the swamp. Then he began to speak as if unmindful of the troubled man just a few feet behind him.

"It is perhaps as well," said Summerville in his deep bass voice. "Ever since my sister died he has hung to life by a thread. When a daughter passes away, far from her friends and home, dying because some fiend had no thought in his heart of the sanctity of womanhood, it is a blow that kills. It must be terrible for the father: it is bad enough for the brother."

There was a silence which neither man broke even by a deep drawn breath.

"He was bound to go before I got back; I felt it, but it had to come.

"Business," agreed Summerville, with lence grew so long that he felt he should shriek aloud.

"Business," agreed uSmmerville, without turning. "She died a year and over ago. It took some time to find the man. Perhaps it is as well for you to stop bothering those natives about Dewit's death; he was the man."

"He was the—" Morgan made a step forward and halted, staring wild-eyed at the broad back so close he could have reached out and touched it.

"Yes," nodded Summerville again, "he was the man," and with the words he began to walk straight ahead, out onto that soft heaving quagmire of bubbling, uneasy mud.

He stepped from one hassock to another and so covered ten feet. Morgan raised one hand, tried to utter some word, and his tongue touched dry and parched lips, and the throat sucked in without a sound being uttered.

Summerville paused, raised his head, glanced to right and left, turned a fleeting look upon Morgan, and then threw his head back and for one second studied the dome of blue sky.

"He was the man," he said again, and stepped straight into a pool of quivering muck.

A cry, unintelligible, rang from Morgan's lips. He made one leap forward and halted. An arm was visible, a clenched fist, and then—bubbles and quivering black muck.

TOWNS WELCOME SOLDIERS HOME.

CARDIFF, Wales, Nov. 29.—An appropriate way of welcoming the men who return on leave from the front has been adopted by South Wales towns and villages. The news that a soldier from that neighborhood is on his way home is a signal for the whole town, from the main streets to the most dingy street in the district of coal mining villages to blossom into a gorgeous display of flags and bunting. Lamp posts are transformed into Venetian masts, the flags of all the allies flutter from cottage windows, and a great banner inscribed "Welcome Home" spans the street opposite the home-coming hero's house.

Our funny stories always get a laugh from the man who owes us money.